



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

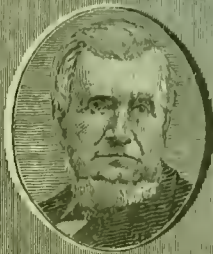
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EDITOR.
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LAW BUILDING—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 269.]

A DETAILED account of the work done in the various departments of the University would be too long for an article of this kind; therefore I shall only mention those things which, in my judgment, will be interesting.

"Since the Law School opened in 1859," says one writer, "there is little to be said of it save that without a momentous crisis it has steadily developed until now its course embraces almost every branch of jurisprudence. The broad learning and profound scholarship of the professors in this department have been of inestimable influence, not only in spreading abroad the fame of the University, but in inculcating in the minds of successive generations of students sound legal doctrine and sound legal ethics, with a respect for the law and its nobleness and dignity."

The instruction imparted and the advantages afforded are equal to any attainable elsewhere in the country. No effort is spared to make this department deserve a prosperity like that it has hitherto enjoyed. The spacious building shown in the illustration is devoted to the accommodation of the law students. It contains ample debating and society rooms. In every respect the conveniences of this department are exceptionally good. The course for the degree of Bachelor of Laws* extends over two years. The course for the degree of Master of Laws requires an additional year. If the person applying for admission intends to be a candidate for a degree at the end of his course he must pass such examinations

in respect to general education as shall satisfy the faculty that his educational attainments will justify his entering upon the practice of the law when his legal studies are completed. Inasmuch as many present themselves for examination a long time after having finished their school education, the examinations are not made technical. If a person has been admitted to practice as an attorney at the bar of any state he is entitled to enter the senior class without any examination, but he will be required to pass satisfactory examinations on all the subjects included in the course before he graduates. The course offered in this department will fit men to practice in any part of the country.

The Medical Department was the first professional school established in the University. In 1890 the course was lengthened to four years. Women are admitted, as to all other departments of the University, on the same conditions as men.

The School of Pharmacy gives training for all branches of pharmacy and for the various chemical pursuits of the present time. The graduate is thoroughly qualified for the prescription table and for the most responsible positions in pharmacy.

In the arrangement of the course of study in the College of Dental Surgery it is the aim to make it such as will meet the requirements of the students and the expectations of the profession, and will secure the greatest benefit to the public. The course of instruction covers three college years. The dental students have their own museum and library, and laboratory and operating room. Their laboratory has accommodations for two hundred students at a time. It contains all the late dental appliances, including those used for the

* Much of the information here given is taken from the University Calendar.

treatment of oral deformities. It also has facilities for the manufacture of instruments. The operating rooms are truly painful places. They are large, well-lighted, heated and ventilated. The main room contains sixty operating chairs, in which work is done every afternoon. Sixty dentists operating in one room at the same time makes a very interesting scene.

give a few, so that some idea can be formed of the enormous size of some of our laboratories.

The physical laboratory contains 11,000 square feet of floor space. The basement is devoted entirely to experimental work in electricity and magnetism. Five work rooms are fitted with the usual appliances for electrical measurements. On the first floor are a



ENGINEERING LABORATORY—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

In the several laboratories of the University opportunities are provided for practical instruction in physics, chemistry, geology zoology, botany, engineering, histology, physiology, hygiene, pathology and anatomy. A few words about these laboratories I think will be interesting. Though people do not usually enjoy reading figures, I shall

commodious lecture room, an apparatus room, a general laboratory for elementary work, a balance room, a mercury room, and two rooms for private use. The laboratory is supplied with the most modern apparatus from the best American and European makers.

Our chemical laboratory is one of the largest, if not the largest chemical

laboratory in the world. It provides for classes in analytical, general and organic chemistry, in pharmacy, metallurgy, and assaying. Opportunities are given for original research in the several branches of chemical science and for independent investigations. In the course of the year classes are formed in thirty-six distinct courses of study. In the greater number of these courses the method of work combines training in laboratory operations, with study for recitations and instruction by lectures. The chemical building contains 36,000 square feet of floor space. The work rooms are ventilated by fans, and each worker's table is supplied with gas, water and waste pipes. Three hundred and eighty students are engaged in this laboratory at the same time, each at a table provided for one worker. During the year from 600 to 800 students complete from one to four courses of study each in the various branches of chemistry.

I shall say nothing of the geological, the zoological, and the botanical laboratories, but shall pass them by and take up what is the most interesting of them all, the engineering laboratory, which is shown in the illustration. Those who think that college work is all done by the head ought to visit the engineering laboratory. If students look like duds when they are on the street they do not look that way when they are working at the forge during the hot spring days, nor when they are in the foundry or the machine shop. It is in this building that we take off our white shirts and high collars and creased trousers, and put on our working clothes. Students who go from the schoolroom into the hay field usually find their hands too soft to stand much work when they first begin. I can

assure you those who go from the forge shop will not have trouble with their hands, nor will they be afraid that something is wrong when the sweat begins to flow freely. They are used to this.

The work in this laboratory is not the only part of our course that requires the removal of our Sunday clothes. If you could see me as I am writing, you would understand what I mean by this. The civil engineers always spend the last month of their junior year "in camp." I am now in camp. Our crowd numbers forty-four, not including Professor Davis and his assistants. Our tents number seven. It is here in the northern part of Michigan, nearly one hundred miles from Ann Arbor, that we have come to get our practical work in surveying. Our instruments, our bedding, and all our provisions are here, and we are waiting patiently for the weather to allow us to continue our work. It is raining and blowing very hard. Some of the boys are reading, some are sleeping, others are drawing, and several are writing letters. The fire in our peculiar stove is roaring with the wind. We are indeed having a little taste of the real surveyor's life.

And as it is in the civil engineering course, so is it in all the courses of the University. They prepare men and women for the various duties of life. I have heard it said that five out of every six of the young men that attend college receive more injury than good during student life; and while it may be true that a great many would have been more successful men, would have done more good for humanity, or, better, would have done less evil for humanity, and would have found for themselves more real happiness in life without a college course, we must be very careful

not to underrate the good that men receive in the university. We look too often at the evil without considering the good. It is to be regretted that things are as they are in some respects, but we can only hope that in the near future young men will be able to get the good of the university without the evil. I say we can only hope for this condition of affairs and labor to this end.

Richard. R. Lyman.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE.

Bathing in Turkey.

TURKEY is the home of fine bath houses. Outwardly they are homely looking structures, but inwardly often finished in marble. They are generally large, square-built houses, about thirty or forty feet high, with several domes or cupolas in which rude lights are placed—the only means by which the interior of the bath house is illuminated.

After entering a bath house one finds himself in a large room, around the sides of which are placed bunks to accommodate the bathers. One mounts one of these cushioned bunk sofas, and begins to undress, when the waiter straightway furnishes the bather with towels. It will be proper to mention here that in Turkey nearly all classes of people are very modest, and will seldom make an obscene exposure of their person to their own sex, much less to the opposite, and above a Turk is a careful and very considerate being in that respect. Whether they bathe in houses or in the open sea or river, males never appear before other males with less than a towel tied about his loins, reaching down to his knees. And where it is convenient each bather has his own room or stall in which he undresses and dresses. Female bathing is always

inside of some properly provided enclosure.

What a contrast to the practice of many in Christian lands, where boasts are made of a higher civilization and morals, and far greater culture and refinement! In a Christian land the writer has seen males and females in a nude state, bathe promiscuously, has seen females bathe in rivers along the roadside, in the same condition where the public were free to gaze upon them, and has found males in general, make little or no pretensions to modesty in the presence of either sex. Even here in Utah, where we are blessed with Gospel light to invigorate our highly cultivated sense of modesty, many truly lamentable cases of immodesty are reported from our bathing resorts,—a blushing shame to the Latter-day Saints who see it, and a breach on the barriers of virtue to those who practice it; for modesty is truly the safeguard of virtue.

The contrast between the two is drawn to show the reader, that no matter what scientific progress civilization has made, in morality it has been a heavy loser. The ancient customs now in vogue in Turkey are standing monuments of a past greatness in purity and true modesty before God and man.

Bancroft in his History of Utah page 371, says: "Culture cares nothing for religion; it is what a man does, not what he believes, that affects progress. * * * Civilization seeks the highest morality, and the highest morality, it says, is not that of the Bible. the Book of Mormon, or of any other so-called holy book." Not so, civilization boasts morality, but is void of it as a rule, and are a man's moral acts not the fruits of his belief or indifference to religious teachings? And if morals are produced by the refined senses of our nature, who

but God the author of all true religion, placed them there?

In the foregoing remarks the reader is led off from our main subject, but the thoughts were suggested by the comparison there is to be made between professed Christians and the deluded (?) Mohammedans in their morals.

When the bather is ready for washing his body, he is led through a succession of doors, from one room to another, one a little warmer than the other, until he is left to himself in a large room paved with well-dressed, large, flat stones, and the room presenting a perfect cloud of steam. One fumbles around, if he be a new-comer, for a bath, *a la Francais*, in the half-darkened room, but is astonished to find only a place where a small basin is cut in a protruding rock, over which are placed two water spouts, one for hot the other for cold water, with a cup or basin attached. Watching others, one soon finds that the practice is to sit down by the fountain, and with the basin dip up the water and pour it over the body, applying soap to suit the inclination, and thus rub the body, and continuing to use water to wash away the filth and soap, until clean; while the hot-stone floor and walls and steam of the unventilated room acts vigorously upon the body, more than equal to the hot water bath of the west. The body is soon in a state of healthy perspiration, colds and fatigue are made to depart, and the bather is in a fair way of working both a cleaning up and cure on the bather.

When this part of the Turkish bath is concluded, the bather emerges into a large room, generally round, where there is a slightly elevated, large center stone or stones upon which the bathers lie down and enjoy the heat of the warm stone. Here they will recline for an

hour or more, and in turn receive a scrubbing from one of the attendants. By this time the heat and steam have so acted upon the body, that a whole coat of matter will work off, and the scrubbing man first lathers the body well with soap, and rubs it in thoroughly, as though he were about to shave the bather, after which he puts a pair of leathers on which completely covers the palms of his hands, and with these rough and rude instruments he will vigorously rub the bather, taking off a wonderful lot of sweat and refuse skin matter.

Next in order is the shaving. Almost all grown males in Turkey shave. Only the old veterans retain their beards; the younger ones shave all but the moustache, which seems to grow large with them, some being so long that they can conveniently be laid back of the ear. To be forbidden to shave in Turkey is a great indignity, and has often been imposed upon Christians and Jews. Turks swear by their beard, and stroking the beard is the sign of having said your prayers.

One or two hours having been spent in the bath-room, and all the different degrees of the cleansing process attended to, the bather moves to a colder room, where he again lies down in his dry towels furnished for the occasion.

Finally the entrance room is reached, and the clothes left in the bundle are furnished. As soon as possible, a smoke is had and fully enjoyed.

The payment for this work is called *backsheesh*, though it is usually understood about what is the fee. Men pay according to the attention they receive, and their station in life; thus a pasha pays, perhaps, one medjedi, about 80 cents, while a soldier perhaps 10 para, one cent, a common citizen from 40 to 80 para.

Friis.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1894.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Times are Out of Joint.

WE have had more or less to say during the present volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR concerning the strange and perilous times into which this broad, fair country of ours has fallen. Sad to say, the onward march of time brings no relief, no restoration to the normal state of peace and prosperity. So long as these troubles were confined to the usual distress that accompanies periodical seasons of hard times, the condition was not altogether singular; for hard times we have had before, and may expect again, whenever the scarcity of money follows excessive speculation, debt comes as the legacy of extravagance, and lack of employment results from a stimulated over-production or what men call a "boom." Such seasons have recurred with some frequency, and while they have lasted they have involved a necessary amount of want and suffering among the poorer classes, and a policy of retrenchment and economy among the better-to-do. But they have not been of long duration as a rule. People have been able to look ahead confidently to an improvement. Just as a kind Providence does not permit indefinite seasons of famine to come through successive crop failures, so has it been in the industrial and the business world. The situation has soon righted itself—a process in which aid has been rendered by the enforced stringency which leveled airy things to their foundation, and laid bare the rock bottom upon which again to build. In very many aspects of the case, therefore,

hard times have been something of a benefit; they have taught useful and necessary lessons, and have not been without their own great reward.

But the period through which we are now passing is by no means an ordinary recurrence of hard times.

No silver lining, at this time visible, illumines the dark clouds which lower around. No one is able to see when, or how, or from what source relief is going to come. For it must be remembered that there are many peculiar and alarming features connected with the present situation that are in the highest degree significant and unusual. It is not only the "industrial army" movement; though that is surely novel and threatening enough. Never before has it been deemed proper and profitable for idle men to march in companies of hundreds and thousands, demanding free food as they go, and receiving it; and demanding a free railroad ride also, which, if refused, is regarded by many of them as a warrant for stealing trains and going where they wish. This ominous feature has been wanting in previous visitations of hard times. But the most serious phase of the present situation remains to be considered. It is the immense prevalence of strikes, the lawlessness of those who will not accept work at the prices offered nor permit others to do so, and the spirit of bloodshed and destruction which is running riot in many of the centers of disturbance. It will easily be believed that at no previous time in our history have there been so many men idle at once as is the case today; including the families depending upon them, the number of those affected by loss of employment reaches many millions—perhaps at least a fifth of the entire population of the United States. The grave danger of

such a situation if long continued is infinitely increased by the spirit of recklessness and defiance of law already referred to. Outrages upon persons and property are of almost daily occurrence; trains, cars, railroads, mines and factories or shops are interfered with, injured and destroyed; men are intimidated, clubbed and otherwise maltreated. In some instances it has come to an actual conflict of arms between the working men and the power of the state represented by sheriffs' posse, marshals or militia, and in such instances already considerable killing has been done. Terrible as are these results, they are of still more significance as showing the growing disregard and defiance of law—a condition bordering very near on anarchy.

In the midst of this dreadful ordeal through which the country is passing, the valleys of Utah are permitted to enjoy a profound peace. The Saints stand securely in holy places; and from the high land which the Lord has given them and sanctified to their use and welfare, they gaze down upon the turmoil all around them. Pity and sorrow for and sympathy with mankind will not allow them to look unmoved upon the troubles of others, and yet they see in it all the fulfillment of the sure word of prophecy. It has been foretold that in a time to come men's hearts would fail them for fear, and that people should flee to Zion for safety. Multiplying signs of the times point to the coming to pass of these and many other predictions. Truly the Saints and the children of the Saints have abundant cause for thanksgiving that their position is so favorable, that their faith in the future is so well-founded, that their God has had, and still has, His protecting hand over them for good!

POVERTY A BLESSING.

POVERTY is the nurse of manly energy, and heaven-climbing thoughts attended by love, and faith, and hope, round whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what was their early fortune. Were they, as a general rule rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No, such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants; they know nothing of the difference of satiety; there is not an idle fibre in their frames; they put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act; the edge of their mind is always kept sharp in the school of life; men like these meet the softly nurtured darlings of prosperity as iron meets the vessels of porcelain.

THAT the banking profession is a very old one is demonstrated by the discovery in Mesopotamia of stone plates covered with inscriptions. Among the most valuable evidences of the life and customs of the people of Babylon and Nineveh 700 years B. C. were found veritable letters of credit, bills of exchange, with and without warranty, money obligations of all kinds, sight drafts made payable to indorser or bearer. These denote the existence at Babylon, 600 B. C., of a bank which must have done a considerable business.

THE ARTICLES OF FAITH.

(Lectures by Elder James E. Talmage, before the Church University Theology Class, Salt Lake City.)

SUNDAY, Feb. 18, 1894.

7. *We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.*

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

THE POWER OF HEALING the sick was exercised extensively in the dispensation of the Meridian of Time; indeed healing constituted far the greater part of the miracles wrought by Christ and His apostles. By authoritative ministrations, the eyes of the blind were opened, the dumb were made to speak, the deaf to hear, the lame leaped for joy, afflicted mortals bowed with infirmity were lifted erect and enjoyed the vigor of youth; the palsied were made well; lepers were cleansed, impotence was banished, and fevers were assuaged. In this the dispensation of the Fullness of Time, this power is possessed by the Church, and its manifestation is of frequent occurrence among the Saints. Thousands of blessed recipients can testify to the fulfillment of the Lord's promise, that if His servants lay hands on the sick, they shall recover.*

The usual mode of administering to the sick is by the imposition of hands of those who possess the requisite authority of the priesthood;—this being agreeable to the Savior's instructions in former days,† and to divine revelation in the present day.‡ This part of the ordinance is usually preceded by an anointing with oil previously consecrated by the authority of the priesthood. The Latter-day Saints profess to abide by the counsels of James of old,§ "Is any sick

among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

Though the authority to administer to the sick belongs to all the Elders of the Church, some possess this power to a greater degree than do others; having received it as a special endowment of the Spirit. A gift allied to this is the power of exercising faith to be healed;¶ which is possessed by the Saints in varying degrees. Not always are the administrations of the Elders followed by immediate healings; some are permitted to suffer in body, for the accomplishment of divine purposes,‡ and in the time appointed of the Lord, His children pass through bodily death. But if the counsels of God be observed in administering to the afflicted, then if the sick recover they live unto the Lord, and the assuring promise is added that those who die under such conditions die unto the Lord.‡

VISIONS AND DREAMS have constituted a means of communication between God and His children in every dispensation of the Priesthood. The readiest distinction between these gifts is found in the fact that in general visions are manifested to the waking senses, whilst dreams are manifested during sleep. In the vision, however, the senses may be so affected as to render the person practically unconscious, at least oblivious to ordinary occurrences, while discerning the heavenly messages brought to him. In the earlier dispensations the Lord very frequently communicated through

* Mark xvi, 18.

† The same.

‡ Doc. and Cov. xlii, 43-44.

§ James v, 14, 15.

* Doc. and Cov. xlii, 19; xlii, 43, 48-51.

† See instances of Job.

‡ Doc. and Cov. xlii, 44-46.

dreams and visions, oftentimes revealing to His prophets the events of the future, even to the latest generations. From the multitude of instances recorded, let us select a few. Consider the case of Enoch,* unto whom the Lord spake face to face, showing him the course of the human family until the second coming of the Savior; the brother of Jared,† because of his righteousness was so blessed of God, as to be shown all the inhabitants of the earth, both those who had previously existed, and those who were to follow them. Unto Moses the will of God was made known with the visual manifestation of fire.‡ Lehi received his instructions to leave Jerusalem,§ through dreams; and on many subsequent occasions the Lord communicated with this patriarch of the western world by visions and by dreams. The Old Testament prophets were all so favored, Jacob the father of all Israel,¶ Job, the patient sufferer,¶¶ Jeremiah,** Ezekiel,†† Daniel,‡‡ Habakkuk,§§ Zechariah.||||

The dispensation of Christ and His apostles was marked by similar manifestations. The Baptist's birth was foretold to his father while officiating in priestly functions.¶¶ Joseph, betrothed to the Virgin, received through an angel's visit*** tidings of Christ yet to be born, and on subsequent occasions he received warnings and instructions in dreams concern-

ing the welfare of the Holy Child.* The Magi returning from their pilgrimage of worship, were warned in dreams of Herod's treacherous designs.† Saul of Tarsus was shown in a vision the messenger whom God was about to send to him to minister in the ordinances of the priesthood;‡ and other visions followed.§ Peter was prepared for the ministry to the Gentiles through a vision;|| and John was so favored of God in this respect that the book of Revelation is occupied by the record.

Most of the visions and dreams recorded in scripture have been given to the chosen people, to the ministering priesthood; but there are exceptional instances of such manifestations among those not of the fold. Such for example was the case with Saul and Cornelius, but in these instances the divine manifestations were preliminary to conversion. Dreams with special import were given to Pharaoh,¶ Nebuchadnezzar** and others; but it required a higher power to interpret them; and Joseph and Daniel were called to officiate. The dream given to the Midianite soldier, and its interpretation by his fellow,†† betokening the victory of Gideon, were true manifestations; as also was the dream of Pilate's wife,‡‡ in which she learned of the innocence of the accused Christ.

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY distinguishes its possessor as a prophet,—literally one who speaks for another; specifically, one who speaks for God. (See note 2.)

* Pearl of Great Price; Writings of Moses.

† Ether iii, 2-27.

‡ Exo. iii, 2.

§ I Nephi ii, 2-4.

¶ Gen. xlvj, 2.

¶¶ Job iv, 12, 13.

** Jer. i, 11-16.

†† Ezek. i; ii, 9, 10; iii, 22, 23; viii; xxxvii, 1-10, etc.

‡‡ Dan. vii; viii.

§§ Hab. ii, 2, 3.

|||| Zech. i. 8-11; 18-21; ii, 1, 2; iv; v; vi, 1-8.

¶¶ Luke i, 5-22.

*** Matt. i, 20.

* Matt. ii, 13, 19, 22.

† Matt. ii, 12

‡ Acts ix, 12.

§ Acts xvi, 9; xviii, 9, 10; xxii, 17-21.

|| Acts x, 10-16; xi, 15-10.

¶ Exo. xl.

** Dan. ii.

†† Jud. vii, 13.

‡‡ Mat. xxvii, 19.

It is distinguished by Paul as one of the most desirable of spiritual endowments, and its preeminence over the gift of tongues he discusses at length.* To prophesy is to receive and declare the word of God, and the statement of His will to the people. The function of prediction, often regarded as the sole essential of prophecy, is but one among many characteristics of this divinely given power. The prophet may have as great concern with the past as with the present, or the future; may exercise his gift in teaching through the light, and by the experience of preceding events, as in foretelling other manifestations. The prophets of God have ever been in special favor with Him, being privileged to learn of His will and designs; indeed the promise is made that the Lord will do nothing except He reveal His secret purposes unto His servants, the prophets.† These chosen oracles stand as mediators between God and mortals, pleading for or against the people.‡ No special ordination in the priesthood is essential to man's receiving the gift of prophecy; bearers of the Melchisedek order, Adam, Noah, Moses, and a multitude of others were truly prophets, but not more truly so than were many who exercised the Aaronic functions only—as for example most of the Old Testament priests, subsequent to the time of Moses, and John the Baptist.§ The ministrations of the prophetesses Miriam|| and Deborah¶ show that this gift may be exercised by women also. In the time of Samuel the prophets were organized into a special order, to aid in their

purposes of study and improvement. (See note 3.)

In the present dispensation this great gift is enjoyed in a fullness equal to that of any preceding time. The Lord's will concerning present duties is made known to His people through the mouths of prophets; and events of great import are foretold.* The very fact of the present existence and growing condition of the Church is an undesirable testimony of the power and reliability of modern prophecy. The Latter-day Saints constitute a body of witnesses numbering hundreds of thousands, to the effect of this, one of the great gifts of God.

REVELATION is the means through which the will of God is declared directly and in fullness to man. Under circumstances best suiting the divine purposes, through the dreams of sleep or in waking visions of the mind, by voices without visional appearance; or by actual manifestations of the holy presence before the eye, God makes known His designs, and charges His chosen vessels to bear the sacred messages so imparted. Under the influence of inspiration, or its more potent manifestation—revelation, man's mind is enlightened, and his energies quickened to the accomplishment of wonders in the work of human progress; touched with a spark from the heavenly altar, the inspired instrument cherishes the holy fire within his soul, and imparts it to others as he may feel led; he is the channel pure and open through which the will of God is conveyed. The words of him who speaks by revelation in its highest form, are not his own; they are the words of God Himself; the mortal mouth piece is but the trusted conveyance of these heavenly messages. With the authoritative, "Thus saith the Lord," the revelator

* I Cor. xiv. 1-9.

† Amos iii. 7.

‡ I Kings xvii; xviii, 36, 37. Rom. xi, 2, 3. James v, 16-18. Rev. xi, 6.

§ Matt. xi, 8-10.

|| Exo. xv, 20.

¶ Jud. iv, 4; vi, 8.

* Doc. and Cov. i, 4; xxxv, 15; lxxxvii.

delivers the burden entrusted to his care. The Lord strictly observes the principles of order and propriety in giving revelation to His servants. Though every person may live so as to merit this gift of God in the affairs of his special calling, only those appointed and ordained to the offices of presidency are to be revelators to the people at large. Concerning the President of the Church, who at the time of the revelation here referred to, was the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Lord has said to the Elders of the Church:* "And this ye shall know assuredly that there is none other appointed unto you to receive commandments and revelations until he be taken, if he abide in me. * * * And this shall be a law unto you, that ye receive not the teachings of any that shall come before you, as revelations or commandments. And this I give unto you that you may not be deceived, that you may know they are not of me."

2. THE TERM "PROPHET" appears in the English Bible as the translations of a number of Greek terms, the most usual of which is *nabhi*, signifying "to bubble forth like a fountain." Another of the original words is *rheo*, meaning "to flow," and by derivation "to speak forth," "to utter," "to declare." A prophet then is one from whom flow forth the words of a higher authority. Aaron is spoken of as a prophet or spokesman to Moses (Exo. vii, 1); but in the usual sense the prophet is the representative of God. Closely allied with the calling of the prophet is that of the seer; indeed at a time prior to that of Samuel the common designation of the oracle of God was seer: "for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer," (I Sam ix, 9). The seer was permitted to behold the visions of God, the prophet to declare the truths so learned; the two callings were usually united in the same person. Unto the prophet and seer the Lord usually communicated in visions and dreams: but an exception to this order was made in the case of Moses, who was so faithful and so great in all things good, that the Lord discarded the usual means and declared Himself to His servant face to face (Numb xii, 6-8).

3. PROPHETS ORGANIZED.—The prophet's office existed among men in the earliest periods of history.

Adam was a prophet (Doc. and Cov. cvii, 53-56); as also were Enoch (Jude xiv; Pearl of Great Price), Noah (Gen. vi; vii; Pearl of Great Price; II Peter ii 5), Abraham (Gen. xx, 7), Moses (Deut. xxxiv, 10), and a multitude of others who ministered at intermediate and subsequent times. Samuel who was established in the eyes of all Israel as a prophet of the Lord (I Sam. ii, 19, 20), organized the prophets into a society for common instruction and edification. He established schools for the prophets, theological colleges where men were trained in things pertaining to holy offices; the students were generally called "sons of the prophets" (I Kings xx, 35; II Kings ii, 3, 5, 7; iv, 1, 38; ix, 1). Such schools were established at Ramah (I Sam. xix, 12, 20), Bethel (II Kings ii, 3), Jericho (II Kings ii, 5), Gilgal (II Kings iv, 38; vi, 1). The members seem to have lived together as an society (II Kings vi, 1-4). In the present dispensation a similar organization has been effected under the direction of the prophet Joseph Smith: this also received the name of the School of the Prophets.

IN EARLY DAYS.

My Introduction to Mormonism.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 355.]

IN making the acquaintance of Mr. Glover, I very soon found him to be a real bonny Scotchman, and blest with more than an average of good common sense, besides being well read up on many subjects. After this became apparent I was greatly surprised that he was a professed Mormon, and why so intelligent and seemingly good and honorable a man associated with these abominable Mormons, who were everywhere evil spoken of, I could not understand. I finally made bold to inquire of him about his religious belief. I asked if he and the Mormons believed in the good old Protestant Bible.

"Why certainly, sir, we do," he replied.

"What!" said I, "don't you believe in a golden Bible, found by one Joseph Smith, under a pine tree stump, in the State of New York?"

He said, "We believe in a book called the Book of Mormon, containing

* Doc. and Cov. xliii, 3, 5, 6.

a history of the ancient peoples who formerly inhabited this western continent. The book contains the records of these ancient "races, translated by Joseph Smith, from gold plates, by the gift and power of God through aid of the Urim and Thummin. These plates were found by Joseph Smith, in a hill called Cumorah, where they had been deposited by the hand of Moroni, the ancient historian, and delivered to Joseph Smith by the same person."

To me all this was incomprehensible, but I felt quite confident that inasmuch as I believed in the good old Bible, I soon would be able to compel him to renounce his Mormonism, so I commenced to ply him with the doctrines of John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, free will and free grace, bringing all the scriptures I could think of, to prove that we did not need any further revelation, that the canon of scripture was full and complete, using the old and often-quoted assertion that the Bible contained the whole word of God, all that He ever did reveal and all He ever would reveal; that John the Revelator closed up the whole matter in his visions on the Isle of Patmos.

Mr. Glover replied by showing from the same good old Bible that the Lord would never cease to give revelation to men on the earth, so long as they would hearken and obey His laws, and keep His commandments; and if revelation ceased, it was in consequence of disobedience, unbelief, and wickedness of the people, destroying the servants of God who held the keys of revelation.

I soon found myself unable to sustain my position in regard to the Bible being the whole word of God, and I was so surprised to learn that the Mormons had from the Bible so much proof for their faith, that I was quite willing to give

up my argument and listen to Mr. Glover, while he unfolded to my mind the true doctrines of Christ as contained in the Bible.

This, my first interview with a Mormon Elder, lasted from early eve until the fowls commenced crowing for morning, and when we parted it was with a feeling on my part that I would not be ashamed to have it known that I had put up at a Mormon hotel.

I should state here, that my faith in revealed religion was at this time very weak indeed. I had for years doubted there being any church on earth that taught the Gospel as Jesus and His Apostles taught it. I was led while in this state of mind to read infidel works, such as the works of Tom Paine, Voltaire, and others, who wrote with all the ingenuity of their souls to destroy faith in the Bible as a book revealed from the Lord, and indirectly at least to destroy faith in God. While I did not turn infidel entirely, I had lived for years as a sceptic concerning all forms of religion, yet I believed in a God and in the Savior as our Redeemer, and that He did establish His Church and conferred the authority upon His apostles to preach His Gospel in power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. I believed all this did occur as related in the New Testament. In fact, I well remember when a boy attending Sabbath school, we had the New Testament for our text-book, and after reading of the life and ministry of our blessed Savior and His apostles—how they taught the people the doctrine that if they would keep the commandments of the Lord they should know for themselves the truth of the doctrines of Christ. After reading these promises of the Savior, and how the former-day saints obtained and enjoyed a fullness of the gifts and

blessings of the Gospel in their day I have retired and wept before the Lord and wished in my heart that I could have lived in that day of Gospel light and knowledge, when I could hear the truth from inspired men who spoke and taught by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost. Sometimes while in this frame of mind, filled with a desire to know the truth, I would seek the pastor or minister, and ask counsel of him, and tell him of the great trouble and anxiety of my soul concerning true religion, and how to find it. I would ask how it was that the members of the different Christian churches did not enjoy the gifts and blessings of the Gospel as did the former day saints, such as the gift of tongues, healing of the sick, casting out devils, prophesying, etc., as related in the scriptures, and promised to all believers by the Savior and His apostles. The answer would be: revelation, prophesying and all those miraculous manifestations are now done away with. They were only given while the Church was in its infancy; they are no longer needed in this day of intelligence and great learning; the canon of scripture is full, and we do not need any more revelation.

These answers did not satisfy my mind on the subject, and as I did not believe in any of the churches, I concluded to not join any of them, at the same time I had a certain undefined spirit or feeling down in the bottom of my heart, as it were, that I would live to see the true Church established on the earth.

I now resume my narrative. After a few days spent in looking about San Francisco, I concluded to go to work again at my trade, shoemaking. Accordingly for a shop to commence business in, I purchased the caboose or cook's galley that served on the ship *Brooklyn*

on her voyage round Cape Horn. In a few days I had it fitted up and made quite comfortable. It was in size about twelve or fourteen feet square. Brothers John White and O. F. Mead worked for me; they were members of the celebrated Mormon Battalion. I had a bunk fixed up in my shop or caboose, where I slept, and if I recollect aright we all "bached" it together.

My business was good. Mexicans, Mormons, and Europeans were my customers. There were at this time, the fall of 1847, but a few citizens in San Francisco. As I now remember, the Mormons far outnumbered any other class; the civil offices were largely filled by them. There were few business houses.

My interview with Mr. Glover on Mormonism, so wrought on my mind that I was constrained to commence investigating. Accordingly I was given the "Voice of Warning," by Apostle P. P. Pratt. I was more and more surprised as I read and conversed with the Elders, to find that the people called Mormons, whom I had been led to despise, had more truth embraced in their faith than all the world beside. I believed all I was taught from the Bible, but when the Book of Mormon was offered to me, and told that was also a divine work and equal in authority with the Bible, I could not accept it as such: my traditions and teachings revolted. At this time I had not considered Joseph Smith's claim as a Prophet. I was happy and greatly blessed in what I had learned but I could not stretch my mind to believe so much at once. There was a certain family living there, by the name of Pell. Brother Pell had been a Methodist preacher in New England, and his good wife "Matty," was a woman well versed in the scrip-

tures; in fact she was almost a walking Bible. I was in the habit of spending my evenings there, and conversing with her on the principles of the Gospel. I told her of my trouble in relation to the Book of Mormon. She told me to repent of my sins and be baptized in water for their remission, and have faith in the Lord, and light and truth should increase, and if I was really honest and desired to know the truth, I should be satisfied. I had great struggles during this part of my experience with fears without, and fightings within, pride and love of the world.

Finally, after much prayer and investigation, I came to the conclusion that if the Bible was true Mormonism was true; but doubts would arise in my mind as to the truth of the Bible, ideas I had received through reading infidel works would force themselves upon me, and I would be filled with doubt and unbelief. I was miserable indeed, and felt that I would throw religion aside and try and live a moral, honest, upright life, and let the future take care of itself.

In the midst of this great anxiety and perplexity the Lord was good to me and in a dream showed to me what perfectly convinced me of the truth of the Bible. In my dream a personage clothed in white came and invited me to go with him. I arose immediately and was wafted, in spirit, through the air for a long distance, when we alighted in what seemed to be a far off country, and in the midst of old and ancient buildings much decayed in appearance. My guide took me inside one of the largest, where we ascended a long flight of stairs to the upper story which was all in one room having no partitions. Here I saw large piles of parchment, and bark of trees. "This," said my

guide, "is what the Bible was compiled from."

I thought my eyes were opened to read the writings found in these piles of manuscript, and to my surprise I thought there was much left there that should have been placed in the Bible, and much that we find in the Bible should have been left in the old loft. This dream had the effect to clear away all the erroneous ideas I had received from infidel writers. I received it as coming from the Lord, and I rejoiced greatly, and on the last day of the year 1847 I was baptized by Elder Petch, in the waters of San Francisco Bay. I do not remember who confirmed me. I think it was Elder Samuel Brannan. Brannan was President over all the Churches on the Pacific Coast at that time. He was a very eloquent preacher, and more than average in general intelligence. He was a very ambitious man, and sought honor of men. He came a long journey in company, I believe, with Capt. James Brown and some of his sons, at least part of the way, and met President Brigham Young and pioneers on Green River, or some distance east of Salt Lake, and in council did all he could to have President Young travel on to the coast and locate the Saints in California. He did not succeed. President Young could not be turned away from settling the Saints in the Great Basin in the tops of the mountains, in the midst of the great highway of the nations, as it has proved to be. The Lord had shown in vision, the place where His Prophet Brigham was to locate His people, and all the power of the world could not turn him aside from his purpose.

Elder Brannan was not pleased with the outcome of his trip: he returned and ever after his course was such that he

lost the spirit of his calling and finally became alienated in his feelings from the Church. During the golden days that soon followed he became very wealthy and went into great speculations.

To my story again. After I was baptized I commenced to worry about the Book of Mormon. The Bible was all right. The evil one got hold of me, and I could not understand so well about the Book of Mormon, and in my perplexity I told my dear, good friend, "Aunt Matty" Pell, of my trouble. As I was about to take my leave, she took me kindly by the hand, and, calling me by name, said if I was sincere and really honest, and desired to know the truth, and would go before the Lord and ask of Him in faith, He would give me a testimony of the truth of the Book of Mormon. Accordingly when I returned to my lodgings in my caboose, I took the Book of Mormon, opened it, knelt down by the side of my bunk and asked the Lord, in the name of Jesus, if that book was true and what it purported to be. I used but a very few words in my petition, yet before the words were fairly uttered from my lips a sheet or flame of fire commenced to descend upon me, not very warm at the first, but shock after shock succeeded till my whole frame seemed literally being consumed with fire; and yet it was not like the fire that we use daily, and if we touch it will immediately give great pain: this was heavenly fire, and filled me with joy unspeakable. My pen nor tongue cannot express the peace, joy and happiness that I experienced at this time. It continued till in the fullness of my soul I cried out, "Enough, Lord," when it gradually departed, leaving me the happiest mortal alive. This was as satisfactory to

me as though an angel had appeared and told me the book was true. No power of man or mortal could produce such an effect upon my spirit and body; nothing but the power of God, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, could do it. It is now forty-six years since I received this testimony, and it has never left me, but is as bright and vivid as the day when the Lord gave it me. It has been the guiding star of my life. With this testimony came the knowledge that Joseph Smith, the great modern Prophet, was sent of God to usher in the dispensation of the fullness of times.

Soon after receiving this testimony in answer to my prayer, I fell into trouble again; this time it was not over my own sins and faults and failings, but I became greatly worried over the conduct of some of my brethren, whom I would see in gambling houses and saloons, drinking and carousing with the wicked. This did vex my righteous soul very much, and so to get about the matter and correct it, I ventured one day while at work in the shoe-shop with Brothers White and Mead, to ask what the Mormon creed was. Brother Mead dropped the shoe or boot on which he was at work into his lap and ran his hands through his hair, and looking me full in the face cried out, "It is 'mind your own business.'" This answer did not at all please me, for I had supposed the Mormons had, like most of the sectarian churches, a great long creed like the Episcopal Methodist Discipline, and I wanted to get hold of it so I could straighten up those whom I believed needed it. However, I commenced considering and weighing the matter over in my mind, and finally concluded that, although a short creed, it was full of good advice and I would

adopt it and try and live up to it. The observance of that creed has been the means of saving me 'from' much trouble, so far as the actions of men are concerned, and has taught me to not pin my faith to any man or mortal, for all men have weaknesses and are liable to err. The Book of Mormon informs us that the Lord gives weaknesses to man that he may be humble.

During the winter, in hearing the brethren talk about the counsel they received from President Young, about how they were to return to the Church when they should receive their discharge from the army, I was seized with the spirit of gathering, and longed for the time to come when a company would be formed and take up the line of march for Salt Lake. I had a great desire to see the Prophet Brigham Young and Apostle Parley P. Pratt, who wrote that beautiful introductory work to the principles of the Gospel, the "Voice of Warning." I was so full of love for all such men, I felt in my new-born love and zeal I could almost worship them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Reminiscence of the Move South.

In the spring of 1858, say about the middle of July, Brother Walker, our militia captain, came to my house with orders for me to get three days' rations and to start in the morning for Echo Canyon. I prepared for it with blankets and food.

I started for the place of rendezvous, which was on First South Street, below Main, Salt Lake City, where a large body had already collected for drill previous to starting. It was not long before the orders were countermanded, so we were released.

Brother J. D. T. McAllister gave me

an invitation to dinner that day. I accepted, and went home with him. It was raining at the time. While we were at dinner Brother William Frost came in and told me that my things were being loaded up in a wagon to be moved to Sanpete Valley. I immediately hurried home, and sure enough all was ready, and the next morning we started south. The weather was very inclement, and such traveling I never before experienced. The wagons were frequently up to the hubs in mud. The experience was certainly a trying one. At Cottonwood the road was under a lake of mud. We stayed in the log schoolhouse that night. In the evening of the third day we arrived at Dry Creek, camping at Brother Neff's farm, fifteen miles south of the city.

We had two women and four children in our wagon. They were my family excepting Sister Charlotte Hyde, wife of Elder Orson Hyde.

To make my story short, in two days after we arrived at Spanish Fork, and camped on the bench.

I thought we had a very good camping place for the night; but alas! My son Martin and I made our bed under the wagon and the rest slept in the wagon. After we got pretty well fixed, as I supposed, the wind commenced to blow almost a gale out of Spanish Fork Canyon. I felt fatigued and almost worn out. I heard my name called by Sister Hyde, "O, Brother Lenzi, the wagon cover is blowing off!"

I did not pay any attention to it. She repeated the call in a louder tone. I still paid no attention. I was tired and was shivering with cold, and did not want to be disturbed. Then came a very sharp cry that they were being blown out of the wagon. Sure enough my daughter came plump on the ground;

then another shriek, "O, Brother Lenzi!" I immediately jumped up just in time to save Sister Hyde from a fall, as she was half-way out of the back of the wagon. I gathered up strength and shoved her back by her shoulders. My daughter crept in, and the wagon cover was cracking in the wind like a whip. I gathered several handkerchiefs, and finally I tied the wagon cover on tight.

I concluded that Spanish Fork bench was a very bad camping place. This happened between twelve and one o'clock at night, so we did not get much rest that night; but after breakfast we started on our way. We made but a few miles, and traveling somewhat in the night we camped a little south of Summit Creek, Juab Valley, right in the sage brush. We there made a good fire, and after refreshing ourselves with a good supper and sleep we started early through Juab Valley, and camped about four miles in Salt Creek Canyon. It was then about five o'clock p.m.; the weather was still cold. My daughter was looking for her shawl, which was a large, double one. She hunted the wagon over but could not find it, so after supper I walked about a mile toward Juab Valley. It was very lonesome, and the scenery looked very enchanting; it was getting well on toward night, I concluded to make a hasty return, lest I should fall into the hands of Indians, as they were mad. I was glad when I arrived safely at camp. The next morning we arose early; after breakfast I asked our teamster if he thought it was safe for me to go back in search of the lost shawl. He said he thought it was, so at six o'clock I repaired for Juab, while our team went toward San Pete. After walking about three miles alone and unarmed, I commenced to feel uneasy, on account of the death-

like stillness; and what should I see about five hundred yards ahead but two Indians, and as they espied me they hid behind some bushes. Then came a time of trial for me. My heart commenced to palpitate fast, and I felt as if I was walking to my sepulcher.

I evinced no fear, yet I was full of it. I put my trust in God and followed my first impression, that was to make a bee line for the bushes where I saw the Indians. When I came up to them one Indian came out with rifle in hand. I reached out my hand to him and looked him in the face until I brought out a smile on his countenance. I held that as a good sign. I tried to explain my errand, but could not make him understand me, so I asked him which way he was going. In Indian words he replied to Sanpete. Said I, "I will go too," telling him that our wagon was just ahead. So we started together. He was beautifully dressed in Indian style. I thought that he must be a Peup captain. I kept as close to his side as I could without touching him. Every few minutes he would look stealthily around, which only excited my fears more and more, expecting to hear a rifle crack at me; yet I mustered all the faith I could, that I might reach our folks in safety.

After we reached the forks of the canyon, where Salt Creek runs across the road, the Indian took a look back as usual. I ventured to look as well, he perceiving it, said that it was his squaw he was looking for. I saw her about a block behind. She had a papoose on her back. He then led me down through a thicket of hop vines and willows where the stream was divided into smaller streams, so that I could jump across, which I did: but he staid. I went on slowly, evincing no fear, but

when I went down hill where he could not see me I walked pretty fast, and when I went up hill would go slow.

About noon I reached our folks on the divide. They had camped for dinner. But soon came my Indian companion and his squaw. I gave them something to eat. We learned that the Indian was a medicine man, who was on his way to visit Migo, the chief of the San Pitches. He told us that Migo was very sick, not likely to live. Lucky it was for me that he was not dead yet, as probably nothing but the interposition of kind Providence would have saved me from being sent with him, if such was the case.

We reached the San Pitch bridge where the town of Moroni now stands, and camped there for the night. It was very chilly, and by noon the next day we arrived at Fort Ephraim.

Two or three weeks subsequently the Indians shot four Scandinavian emigrants—two men and two women—right where the Indian showed me where to cross the stream. The way we were apprised of our brethren and sisters being shot, one brother by the name of Erickson ran from the place where the Indians were shooting, clear to Fort Ephraim, and told us the story. There were ten men dispatched to bring the dead bodies, and nine of us to go to the coal mines to protect two of our colliers, and to get them to cache their tools.

We traveled all night, found the colliers safe and asleep; we returned the next day with the colliers, and the ten brethren with the dead bodies. This is some of my experience in 1858.

Martin Lenzi.

DEFER not charities till death. He who does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than his own.

ORIENTAL WOMEN.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 346.)

UNDER the social exclusiveness prevailing the matter of obtaining a bride is quite different from what it is in western countries. To have a sweetheart as understood among us is foreign to the oriental, the rule being that the young man never sees the face of his bride till they are lawfully wedded. Everybody is familiar with the rather unpleasant romantic experience of Jacob of old, who bargained with Laban for his daughter Rachel but who found after a while that he had been married to the older sister Leah. The same fraud might easily be committed by some modern Laban, except for the watchfulness of kind relatives.

When a young man concludes that he is able to support a family and makes up his mind to do so, he generally consults his mother about it. The lady will then look around for a suitable bride and open negotiations about her with her mother. Family councils are then held and the price is agreed upon. When this matter is settled to the satisfaction of both parties and all is arranged for the great occasion, the wedding is celebrated with much ceremony. First the bride-elect is taken to a public bath. The procession is one of the sights of eastern cities, and is generally opened by a band playing their peculiar melodies. These are followed by the married lady friends and relatives of the bride; next come her unmarried girl friends, gaily singing, and the bride herself borne by men in a brightly decorated badalki. She is closely wrapped in a shawl, and wears a crown on her head. The procession is closed by another band of musicians. With similar ceremonies the bride is

conducted to the home of her husband, where the reception takes place.

No religious ceremony is deemed necessary for the sanctification of the covenant. It is a legitimate wedding when the contracting parties, either in person or by proxy before witnesses, declare their intention of living together as man and wife. In Egypt and Arabia a girl is considered old enough to enter upon wedded life at the age of twelve or thirteen years, and she seems to be subject wholly to the will of the parents in the matter. I remember a case in Jaffa, where a girl, eleven years old, was sold to an elderly gentleman by the parents for a consideration of about eighty cents a week for a certain number of years. The poor girl threatened to commit suicide rather than to submit to such a fate, but I believe she was helpless in the matter. The price of a bride varies, of course, according to the circumstances of the parents, her physical beauty and the demand. In one little village I was informed no good girl could be had for less than \$200. Sometimes a father with many daughters will present a girl to a particularly good friend. I myself was on one occasion offered a little brunette cherub about five years old, but had to decline the generous offer as politely as I knew how.

When the oriental lady has entered the marriage relation her happiness depends entirely on the character of her husband and her own disposition. If she has had her lot cast with a good and noble man her life is strewn with roses. Under contrary circumstances her path is indeed thorny and dark. But then, that is the case all over the world. One would suppose, however, that the mode of marrying would involve more unhappy unions than happy

ones, since choice on the part of those most interested is precluded; but this is by no means so. In western countries a great many more mistakes are made in this respect by young persons without experience, as witness the numerous cases of divorce and still more abundant cases of years of patient suffering. The fact is that the choice made by a mother for her son is oftener right than wrong. The voice of a mother's heart in such matters is no untrustworthy guide. Where a mistake is made, however, the oriental wife is in a deplorable condition, being entirely subject to her husband, who may perhaps abuse her until she is broken down in body and spirit.

The recourse to divorce is not open to her; nor does it avail her much to complain of any treatment to which she may be subjected, unless she is of an influential family, with the means of enforcing respect. The husband, on the contrary, can get a divorce, even without stating any ground why. If he in the presence of witnesses declares that the wife is his no longer, he is free and she must leave him. In such a case he must pay back a third part of the bride's endowment and all her personal effects. Both are then at liberty to marry again. By such an arrangement, it is evident that a man may change wives indefinitely, and some, I fear, are depraved enough to take undue advantage of the opportunity; but I have reasons to believe such cases are the exception.

According to Mohammedan law, the faithful is allowed to marry several women. The Koran limits the number of legitimate wives to four, and further restricts this license by a condition, providing the man is sure that he can treat them all alike, and do justice to

them in every respect. Besides these lawful wives, he considers the servant girls of the house his wives, too, ancient custom sanctioning this. It is easily

as in western countries—no worse and no better—but there are found houses where one woman does not rule supreme. The lawful wives, with their maid scr-



understood that comparatively few Mohammedans are wealthy enough to establish households on this basis, the majority living with a single wife, just

vants and eunuchs, if the master is wealthy, occupy a separate part of the building, the harem, or "forbidden," where they are closely guarded and per-

mitted to see no male face, except that of their husband, the eunuchs, and in cases of sickness, the doctor, accompanied by several servants. In this secluded abode they while away the time, with such work as their dainty hands are accustomed to, or with music, singing, dancing, talking, smoking, sleeping, dressing, playing, etc., with nothing particular to relieve the monotony. But since perfect repose seems to be the ideal of Mohammedan happiness, such a life cannot be so intolerable to them as it seems to us. Once in a while, I dare say, the current events of life are interrupted by a tragedy or a romance full of intrigues and counter-intrigues. Such seems to be inseparable from human nature, incident to life under the glowing tropical sun, and in the icy arctic atmosphere alike.

It cannot be denied that the seclusion of woman has an effect on all social relations, far from desirable. Sociability, as we understand it, and enjoy it, coupled with the reined influence of the presence of ladies, is made impossible. A writer on oriental life, who spent years in studying this subject, justly remarks: "The melancholy social life of the Mohammedans, reminded me of the monotony of the empty halls of a western monastery. You never see any family feasts, social gatherings, or indeed families. The treatment accorded to the other sex is the black pot, the presence of which is discussed in all social life, nay even in the innermost recesses of a Mohammedan house."

The oriental Christians do not, of course, follow the customs here depicted quite as closely as the Mohammedans. Christianity, imperfectly as it is understood, has had a remarkable influence for the emancipation of woman, although there never was any special agitation

on the subject. Thus it is not uncommon to see ladies of Christian faith act as hostesses and partake in the conversation. But notwithstanding this, the oriental ideas are sufficiently strong to give even to this Christian emancipation a strange flavor of Orientalism, indicating that there is ample room for missionary efforts in the interest of a more progressive civilization as well as true Christianity.
J. M. Sjodahl.

A SCULPTOR'S SUCCESS.

With heart intent a sculptor rare,
Sat hewing at a marble block;
A vision fair was mirrored there
Which oft his peace and slumber broke.

Within the shapeless thing he saw
A stately maiden image stand,
And moved by hope's impelling law
He strove to win her lily hand.

Full many moons his wit was pressed
Before he won her stubborn heart;
Care put his patience to the test
And taxed his gift in every part.

But, nerved with former feats of worth,
Which critics owned were done by few,
He brought a graceful statue forth
That won him laurels fresh and new

Fit pattern, dauntless, gifted one,
For youth or age to emulate;
A noble work, by struggle done,
To rank thee with the good and great.

But, gifted greater far than thee,
Is he who works to suit the plan
That sets the soul from fetters free,
And shapes, from dross, the perfect man.

Self is the block we all must hew,
Trial the chisel, sharp and bright,
Resolve the mallet strong and true
That brings life's hidden gifts to sight.

So, let us plead for grace above,
To carve out from the years of time,
By faith and hope, and truth and love,
The statue of a life sublime.

J. C.

POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

Work and Play.

CHAPTER X.

A PERIOD of inactivity succeeded Dalrymple's energetic labor, after the advent of his strange tenant. Every morning he arose with renewed determination to take up his work again, but courage failed him when he attempted to put his resolve into execution.

He fell into a habit of sauntering listlessly about the streets, usually dropping into the library of the Mechanics' Institute about the middle of the day, and only leaving it when the light waned. In the evening, when the weather was fair, he went out into the clear winter air and took long strolls over the hills, and sought his bed at length with the unhappy conviction that another twenty-four hours had joined the ranks of the mis-spent.

But they were not mis-spent. The long hours he spent in the library were devoted to careful study of the nobly illustrated text-books and encyclopædias of art, always generously placed at the disposal of students, and he pored long and thoughtfully over the examples of ancient sculpture presented there, rising from each day's study, on fire with new ambition to rise to the level of their grand conceptions, while appalled at his own ignorance and lack of technical skill.

In his long walks, the young man found an interesting and agreeable companion. Starting out one night after dinner he saw a woman's figure flitting down the stairs ahead of him, and hurried after, recognizing the young artist from across the way.

"Going out alone, Miss Mathieu?"

he cried. "Let me do the errand for you."

"I don't think you could," replied the girl, smiling.

"Try me and see. I assure you I can be trusted. The girls send me on all sorts of errands, and they will attest that I execute their commissions faithfully, although I sometimes get matters mixed, as when I asked for a yard of salmon and a pound of damask, one day."

"Then perhaps you will be good enough to get me a ton or so of exercise and fresh air?"

Two roguish dimples actually formed in the girl's thin cheeks as she spoke, and Cliffe, who had been singularly attracted by Vesta Mathieu from the first, thought her more charming than ever, while a feeling of the most tender compassion came over him.

"And that is really your errand? But why?"—

"Let me finish for you, Mr. Dalrymple. Why do I not go out in the daytime, like proper, conservative young women? Because every hour of daylight is golden. I can only afford time when the light fails."

"You work too hard."

"I am young and strong. As to the necessity, I am the best judge."

"But you will not deny me the privilege of going with you?"

"I am not afraid." The girl raised her small head proudly as she declared her independence of masculine protection. "Still, if you would like to go, I will let you. Only you must not think there is any necessity for it. It is perfectly safe for a woman to go alone through any quarter of San Francisco, at any time of night, provided she walks as if she had an honest purpose, and does not seek to attract attention."

Cliffe acceded to this theory, because he was expected to do so, but he secretly resolved that one woman should not walk the streets of San Francisco alone at night, however safe such a proceeding might be, if he could prevent it.

It was remarkable what rapid strides towards a cordial and enduring friendship the two made after this. The walks were continued with the warm approval of the two persons whose interests, next to their own, were most deeply concerned, Mrs. Mathieu and Janet. The invalid mother was only too glad to feel that her daughter was under the protection of a young man of such exemplary habits, and Janet, whose housework gave her abundant exercise, had her own reasons for rejoicing in the arrangement.

Meanwhile, the "exemplary young man" found in Vesta a companion with whom he could share all his hopes and aspirations, and who was to him a constant help and inspiration. He was beginning to understand and measure himself, beginning to realize the pitiful lack of schooling with which he had flung himself into a profession that required the dedication of a whole life; beginning to see the measureless scope that it offered to his best energies and ambitions. What he did not understand was that while he was mercilessly analyzing his powers and resources he was unconsciously expanding by the very exercise.

Glorious times the two young people had together, climbing the hills to see the city bathed in moonlight, riding out to the terminus of the cable car lines, to stroll slowly back past the long rows of pretty homes, with their fragrant gardens. Cliffe himself unwittingly brought it all to an abrupt termination.

They had strolled down upon a de-

serted wharf one bright night, and the young man had made a descent into a water-front chop-house, and secured a half-dozen ham sandwiches, upon which they lawlessly regaled themselves, sitting on the edge of the wharf.

"Wouldn't it be jolly if this could go on forever?" he said, for if anything can arouse a man's sentiment, it is a ham sandwich, eaten on the water front by moonlight, after a brisk walk.

"I am afraid we should both have the nightmare, if we ate any more," replied Vesta, frankly, wholly misunderstanding him.

"Oh, I don't mean the ham sandwich alone," explained the young man, who would better have dropped the whole subject then and there. "I mean the whole thing: our walks and talks, and this picnicing when we get hungry."

"Mr. Dalrymple," said the girl, scrambling to her feet, glad that she saw whither they were drifting ere it was too late; "Mr. Dalrymple, you are engaged to Miss Duncan."

"She does not care a fig for me," eagerly insisted the young man. "Vesta, you are the first woman——"

"Hush! Remember Janet," said Vesta, severely.

"Janet does not care. She has the same as broken our engagement herself. She has suspended it for six months."

"Then no honorable man should speak in such a way until the six months had expired," said the girl, who was inexorable.

"But if, at the end of six months——"

"Hush. Not a word till then. And I shall not take another walk with you."

Her voice faltered as she issued this decree, but she would not yield, and the pleasant walk came to an abrupt end.

"Dalrymple, the Pioneers are getting

impatient to see their order fulfilled," admonished Major Romney one day, encountering him in the hallway of the cave.

"I will attend to it at once," promised the young man, and betaking himself to his studio he proceeded to take a mould of the clay model, and felt a mild satisfaction in the clean impression he obtained.

At this stage he found himself beset with a difficulty he had not anticipated.

This cast was of greater dimensions than any he had hitherto attempted. He had no vessel of sufficient size to receive it, to say nothing of conveniences for heating. He looked wistfully at Nemo, as he passed in and out, but could not bring himself to ask the stranger's advice on so trifling a question.

After much deliberation he took his way to a junk shop on lower Clay Street, and bought a large iron cauldron, such as is commonly used for making soft soap in the rural districts of New England. By an ingenious arrangement, he contrived to adjust this kettle so that the lower portion on one side projected over the grate. He then filled the great vessel with the unsavory fluid in which he was accustomed to boil his casts, hoping that the heat presented at the point of contact with the fire would be communicated to the whole body. He was not disappointed; after a reasonable space of time, the murky liquid began to simmer, and wreath-like puffs of steam rose in the air.

As the noxious scent pervaded the apartment, there was a sudden cessation of work behind the screens. A few minutes later a hammer was flung violently upon the floor, the clink of a dropping chisel followed, the curtain was lifted, and Nemo, in a dusty work-

ing dress and white cap, strode out into the room.

"What in misery are you brewing in that cauldron, Dalrymple? Of all the infernal smells—beg your pardon, but my nose always was sensitive."

"The worst will be over in a few minutes, as soon as I can clap the cover on," returned Dalrymple serenely, lifting the unwieldy mould in his arms and stalking with dignity in the direction of the fireplace.

"Hold on, old fellow, that's too good to destroy. Hang it, man! What are you up to, anyhow?"

Dalrymple met these anxious questions with a superior smile.

It was something to have an opportunity to show that he was not ignorant of the rudiments of his trade. Had Nemo gone so far beyond the material beginnings of the profession, that his memory was getting rusty? Cliffe halted for a moment, poising the mould on the edge of the kettle, preparatory to immersing it in the noxious liquid.

"It is the usual mixture," he replied coolly; "though I confess I am without proper appliances. I shall soon have a suitable vat constructed. For the present I can do no better than to boil the linseed oil and sugar-of-lead here."

"Linseed oil and sugar-of-lead?"

Nemo wore an odd expression. Dalrymple grew impatient. Why should the man stare at him so queerly, as if he were making some startling innovation upon established methods? Nemo must indeed be very far behind the day if he were not conversant with this simple method of softening the plaster. The book Cliffe had studied when he first turned to thoughts of his profession, was at least half a century old.

"Oil and lead, to be sure. The usual preparation."

"Great Cæsar!"

Dalrymple removed the plaster from its precarious poise on the rim of the cauldron, placed it carefully on the floor, and faced his interrogator. He dimly realized that he had something to learn. Nemo held his arms akimbo, his mouth twitched convulsively, and his eyes were focussed on a distant corner of the ceiling.

"Would you advise anything different?" timidly inquired the young man. "I assure you I have had excellent success with the lead and oil, and I really can scarcely afford more expensive materials. You'd hardly think it, but this"—pointing to the cauldron, whose contents were bubbling violently,—"cost a pretty sum."

"Have you ever tried soaking the casts in water?"

"Clear water?" Cliffe was dumb-founded.

"Try it. Let the plaster lie in it until every pore is filled, and it can absorb no more. Linseed oil and sugar-of-lead! Great Jumbo!"

The merriment he had been stifling could no longer be held in check. He burst into a hearty, infectious laugh, in which Cliffe joined. The walls rung with the echoes of their merriment, the shining implements on the shelves nodded to each other in ecstasy, the shining cauldron indignantly spluttered, and a lonely old man left his easel above, and stepped to a window to look forth into vacancy, with a heart wearying for the sound of a boy's cheerful laugh, dear echo of by-gone days.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLOWERS.

THEY are cheap luxuries; a child may easily slip and root them; the pots best adapted for their growth may be had at sixty cents a dozen, and less than fifteen minutes a day will keep them in good condition. What is more beautiful than a window latticed with a Madeira-vine in full blossom? A second window may be draped about with a thrifty ivy. Other windows of the room may have a basket swinging from its hook, and brimming over with greenery, if not with blossoms with great clusters of round-myrtle hanging down like grape bunches with German ivy and flaming nasturtiums, wandering Jew and matrimony—all of them the common flowers of the country. What can be finer than a pot of calla? If you give this plant its native, Nile-like warmth and moisture by watering it with exceedingly warm water, it will reward your effort by blossom on blossom in quick succession the livelong winter, the plant only asking to be cut down and laid away on its side when summer comes, to rest till another season.

THE more one endeavors to sound the depths of his ignorance the deeper the chasm appears.

WHEN a man has not a good reason for doing a thing he has a good reason for letting it alone.

FOR a parent to punish a child in any other spirit than that of compassion for the offender, is to kill something good in both hearts.

THERE isn't gold enough in the world to make a discontented man rich.

BEWARE of the man who is silent when he has cause to be angry.

SOMEBODY wisely computes that there are at least a thousand good talkers to one slow and solid thinker.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Healed by Faith.

I HAVE taken great interest in reading the young folks' stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. For the benefit of my young friends. I will try and tell them how my dear father was healed by faith. When but a small boy he hurt his leg on the shin bone, which caused a sore which remained for about three years, which he attended to night and morning. All remedies had been tried that he knew, and also that his friends had recommended to him; but all failed. One night while sitting by the fire attending to his leg, he looked up at his father and said, "Father if you will take the consecrated oil and anoint me and administer to me I believe the sore will get well."

His father replied, "If you believe, so it shall be."

He then took the oil and anointed him, and among the promises made he said that he should forget that he had a sore leg until it was entirely well.

My father at the time thought it almost impossible to forget about it, for he had attended to it twice a day for so long. He then dipped a cloth in the oil and applied it to the sore and bound it up as usual.

Some two or three days after, while playing with his companions, he suddenly said, "Oh my leg!" and sat down on the ground and examined it there and then, and it was sound and well. He then thought of the promise of his father, that he should forget his leg until it was well.

Julietta Bateman. Age 15.

WEST JORDAN, UTAH.

Frightened by a Badger.

ABOUT seven years ago my eldest sister and I were sent on an errand to our neighbors. When we started ma told us not to stay, but we were disobedient sometimes, and disobeyed her this time by staying until it was almost dark.

When we reached home supper was almost ready. Ma told us we might have had some cucumbers for supper if we had been home to get them. At this my sister started for the cucumber patch, which was below the corn patch, back of the house.

Some of the children and myself were up at the corral playing. Ma and pa were in the house when they heard loud screams. Ma jumped up and started for the corral, thinking some of us had been kicked by the horses. She soon noticed the cries were from the opposite direction. She then started back when she beheld my sister running and screaming, "It's a bear! it's a bear!" and before her stood a large badger.

The screams of my sister brought us children to the spot. Ma went and told pa to come and kill it.

The badger was frightened at the cries of my sister, and soon went among some rocks at the back of our house. None of us had ever seen a badger before, therefore did not know what it was.

This experience frightened my sister so it made her very sick for a while.

Maud Young. Age 13.

THREE MILE CREEK.

Result of Disobedience.

EVERY child should be obedient to his or her parents, and treat them with respect. If you do this God will bless you, and help you to be good, for He loves little children, and is not pleased when you do wrong. When mamma

tells you to do this or that, do not pout and tease until she lets you do as you please, but do it with a will.

You will always come out better by minding her with cheerfulness.

I will tell you about what happened in our neighborhood some time ago, and perhaps you can learn a lesson from it.

A little boy was told not to go out of the yard. He played around quietly in the yard until he noticed some pears in the next lot. He thought he would just slip in and get one, and no one would see him. He climbed up the tree and was just going to pick two of the largest pears when he heard a step behind him. Turning he saw the owner of the orchard coming quickly toward him. George trembled with fear and in a minute fell heavily to the ground. George was carried home and a doctor was called in who said his leg was broken.

It was a long time before he was able to walk again. This was all caused by his disobedience.

Edna Jackson. Age 10.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Grandpa's Life.

GRANDPA was born in Ohio, in 1810. He lived there for a few years, and then, when a boy, moved with great-grandpa to Illinois, where he was married at the age of nineteen years.

He and grandpa embraced the Gospel during the year in which the Saints were expelled from Missouri and settled in Illinois. From that time forward they shared in the persecutions the Saints endured.

At the time of the expulsion from Illinois, he journeyed westward, and settled at what they called the Indian Mill, at Council Bluffs. At this place

he was appointed to the office of Bishop, and also had charge of the gristmill.

After the Mormon Battalion started upon its journey he had the wives and children of the men belonging to that company, to the number of thirty persons, in addition to his own family, to provide for. He received a charge to this effect from President Brigham Young, which he faithfully carried out, until the return of the Battalion boys, when in the year 1850, President Young released him.

In connection with this it may be stated that during the whole of his life he never was known to turn a needy person from his door.

He came to Utah in 1850, and settled in Salt Lake City. In 1856 he went upon a mission to Carson Valley, helped to establish a settlement there, and returned the following year to this city, where he has since resided, proving himself a good, faithful Latter-day Saint ever since.

Millie Hardman, age 11 years.

RITER P. O., UTAH.

Grandpa's Story.

My grandpa was a sailor in his youth, and he tells us many interesting stories of the sea. The following is one:

In December, 1851, grandpa left London in a little Scotch schooner, built for the north of Scotland. At the time of his going aboard, the ship was lying in a river opposite the Tower of London. After weighing anchor, they soon crossed the Thames Tunnel.

Soon they came to Greenwich on one side, and the Isle of Dogs on the other. On this Isle was built the ship named *Great Eastern*, which laid the first Atlantic cable. Here are large buildings, used as the home of many sailors.

Old soldiers who have been crippled in war with other countries also live here. There are numerous war relics also kept here; among them is Lord Nelson's coat and vest, which he wore at the battle of Trafalgar, the last battle he took part in.

The schooner next reached Deptford Dockyard, and then Woolwich Dockyard, at which munitions of war are made and prepared in large quantities. At the latter place guns weighing ninety-two tons are made, called by sailors "Woolwich Infants."

Going on still further down the river, they came across the last place of note—Gravesend. This place takes its name from the fact that a terrible plague which afflicted England ended here, hence the name of the place. They are now out of the river and are in what is known as the "Swim," which is full of quick-sands, and is dangerous to shipping. In passing through this body of water, they passed some light ships; then they came into Yarmouth Roads, a body of water that lies between Yarmouth and many sand-bars on the east. Lord Nelson was born in Yarmouth; here also can be seen from the sea a monument erected to his memory. Still going to the north. they passed by other lighthouses, until they came to the Cromor light-ship. This light-ship lays off Boston, where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked for Holland. They soon lose sight of land, until they came to Flamberhead. Passing down the Yorkshire coast, they are off of the city of Scarborough. It was here that Paul Jones captured two English men-of-war, in revolutionary days. They next passed along the coast of Durham and Northumberland. At night they are near the islands on which the Porfitshire steamboat was wrecked, whose crew were rescued from

a watery grave by Grace Darling, and her father.

They next came to Peterhead; eighteen miles north of that is a small fishing village called Frazer's Burrow. Here is their destination. Here they spend Christmas day in 1851, and take in a cargo of oats consisting of one hundred and forty tons, and leave between Christmas and New Year's day. In this fishing village was the captain's, his nephew's and the mate's home. Soon they are out at sea again, on their return trip. They rounded Peterhead, making pretty good headway, but the wind changed, and for fear of being driven to the north again, and being very heavy, stormy weather, they run into Aberdeen for shelter.

They must now leave Aberdeen, as the wind seems favorable to go to England. It is the 6th of January, 1852. Towards evening the wind increases, and changes from the north to north-east.

It increases all through the night, and by daybreak the wind is blowing a perfect hurricane from the south-east. They are now in sight of the Bell Rock Light-House, called the "Bell Rock," from the fact of a bell being placed upon the rock. The waves of the sea dashing up against the bell caused it to ring. Tradition says that the bell was stolen off the rock by the captain of a Dutch ship, and the light-house was built in place of it. The rock is located five miles from the mainland of Scotland.

At daylight in the morning of January 7th, a heavy gust of wind (although they have no sails) has thrown the ship on her side. The mate and captain are clinging to the upper bulwarks. The mate, an elderly man, is crying like a child. The captain gives the words: "Cut away the foremast." By doing this the ship assumes her right position

in the water. This being done, an anchor is dropped to the bottom of the sea. In this position they drift along the coast till they come to Dunbar, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

About three miles from Dunbar, they pay out chain on the first anchor, and drop a second one, then make fast a large rope called a "hawser," making the third anchor, and let out chain and rope on all of these anchors, till there is one hundred fathoms on one and eighty fathoms on the second. These two are chains, and sixty fathoms on the third anchor of rope. With these anchors the ship is out of "stay," and she drifts no more.

Hundreds of people are watching them from the sea, three miles from shore. Some ship-captains tried to buy a fishing boat to come to their relief, but nobody would sell, knowing that no boat could live in such a sea, not even a life-boat. Signals are made for them to cut away the other mast, and a cannon is fired to enforce the signal, but they see not the signals nor hear the cannon, because of the roaring of the wind and the waves. Many is the cry from the people on shore, "There, she's gone this time!" This was when she descended into the trough of the sea between two large waves, but in a little while she would come on top of the water again, and to those on the land it looked as if she jumped clear out of the water. They remain in this position until one o'clock in the day, when the flood-tide makes a heavier strain upon their anchors.

One of their chain-cables and the rope hawser breaks, and their best anchor is not strong enough to hold them. They commenced drifting along the coast again. They immediately run up a

signal of distress, which was turning their flag bottom side up. This being the signal in all nations. The people on shore follow them along the coast, the coast-guards or life-boatmen as well. In this way they drift for ten miles, and keep themselves warm in the cabin ready for the final struggle. It looked a terrible affair to grandpa. He knew nothing of Mormonism then, but he knew there was a God that heard and answered prayer. Therefore, he went to the forepart of the ship, down into the forecastle. He knelt beside his bed, and prayed to the Lord, and asked Him if it was His will to let one man be saved, and He could take His choice, so that this man could tell what became of the rest. Before rising from his knees he felt an assurance that his prayer should be granted. He now joined his companions in the cabin. He did not tell them what he had done.

It was now a little after four o'clock, and they are close upon the rocks. They all came on deck. The chain anchor that has held the ship before them so long is let "slip," that is, to let it run into the sea so that the ship can drift closer into the land. The captain's nephew had been preparing for the final struggle, by emptying the molasses or treacle out of a large tin bottle with a tight-fitting cap, and also their oil for lamps from a bottle of the same kind. He ties them together, and replaces the caps. The ship now strikes the outer ledge of rocks. The next wave takes her over the rocks, taking her still closer to land. The captain's nephew jumps into a big wave with his two tins, and with them he swims to where he can get assistance, while the mate has taken one bit-head and the captain and grandpa the other one. The captain cries out, "Alex, away!" Grandpa answers,

"He's safe." The fishermen who have followed them along the coast join hands one with the other; the furthest one out reaches and grasps Alex by the fingers; in this way he is saved.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

THE solutions of the puzzles in No. 10 are as follows:

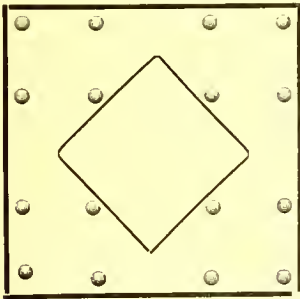
THE NINE DIGITS.

6 1 8

7 5 3

2 9 4

THE CARPENTER'S PUZZLE.



Answers have been received from the following named:

Mary Taylor, Provo, 1; James C. Olsen, Scipio, 1; Lawrence Mortensen, Brigham City, 1; Amber Walters, St. Johns, Arizona, 1.

PIECE FOR RECITATION.

We Are Twins.

WE are twins, yes, we are, my sister
and I;
We were born the same day, and the
very same hour;
We left home together (the mansions
on high)
And came to this earth for a long
lifetime tour.

You perhaps think it strange that
together we came
To a world cold and distant, and
painful like this;
The reason, we own, it is hard to
explain,
But sometimes reverses bring infinite
bliss.

And now we have come, won't you
please let us stay
Till we're three score and ten? (not a
very great while),
And we'll be very good—if we have
our own way;—
Now if you consent, please all of you
smile.

Naomi:

There! you see, my dear sister, we're
welcome to stay.

Ruth:

Well, I'm sure I don't know what to
do here, or how.

Naomi:

Perhaps for some others we'd better
make way.

Ruth:

But before we both go let us make a
nice bow.

C. Denney.

"HARRY," said a teacher to a little
boy in Texas, "if one loaf of bread cost
ten cents, would not three loaves cost
thirty cents?"

"Perhaps at your baker's; our baker
gives three for a quarter."

THERE is often more quiet satisfac-
tion in keeping from doing one bad act
than in having performed a dozen good
ones.

THE man who worries is not a bit
wiser than the one who burns down his
house.

WHO SHALL SING IF NOT THE CHILDREN?

ARRANGED FOR PRIMARY CLASSES BY E. BEESLEY.

1. Who shall sing if not the children? Did not Je - sus die for them?
 2. Why to them are voic - es giv - en—Bird - like voic - es, sweet and clear?
 3. Je - sus, when on earth so - journing, Loved them with a per - fect love;
 4. O, they can - not sing too early: Fath - ers, stand not in their way;

ORGAN.

May they not with oth - er jew - els, Spar - kle in His di - a - dem?
 Why, un - less the songs of heav - en They be - gin to practice here?
 And will He, to heav'n re - turn - ing, Faith - less to His bless - ing prove?
 Birds do sing while day is break - ing; Tell us then, why should not they?

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

ARRANGED FOR PRIMARY CLASSES BY E. BEESLEY.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong
 2. I wish that His hands had been laid on my head; And that I had been placed on
 3. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His
 4. I long for that hap - py and glor - i - ous time—The fair - est, the brightest, the

ORGAN.

men, How He called lit - tle children like lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
 His knee, That I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
 love; And if I can - tin - ue to seek Him be - low, I shall hear and see Him above.
 best— When the dear lit - tle children of ev - er - y clime, Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

It was that most cruel and distressing occasion—an examination. The examiner was the principal, a rather severe looking gentleman, who concealed his heart most successfully. "If," he began, in a very serious tone, "your mother gave you fifty cents and sent you to the store to buy six pounds of codfish at eight cents per pound, how much change would you take home?"

The small boy to whom this question was put responded at once, "Not any."

"Not any? Would the codfish cost fifty cents?"

"No, sir; forty-eight."

"Would there not be some change?"

"Yes, sir; two cents."

"What would you do with it?"

"Buy candy," was the instant reply.

"I would not take any home."

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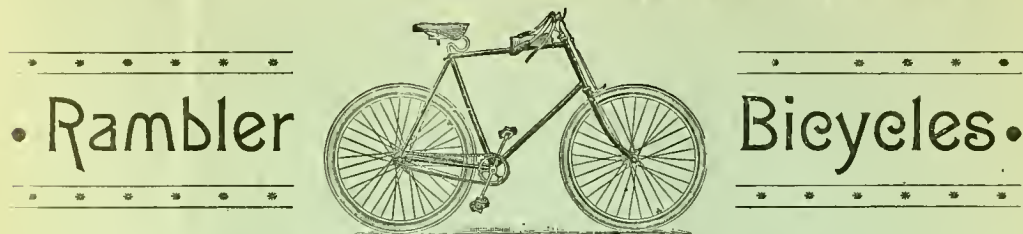
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